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Title: Kallianos

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My name is Kallianos. It's the gypsy word for 'twilight.' Properly translated it means 'The time just before the dark, when all lies patiently, and at peace.' I have been told it is a strange name, and yet it is the only name I've ever known. A gift. Truly one of the few things I have ever received from my mother. This being said, my story is the timeless tale of life, death, and rebirth. It is not so grand, or spiritual as that of Osiris. Nor is it as mystical as the cycles of Cthulu, not dead but forever dreaming, though both would be romantic ways to parallel my story. This is simply the story of human frailties. Of love, hate, and the weaknesses and small madness that make up our condition.

I was born, and grew up in Cove. I still live there now. From the tower where I write this I can see the end of the world over white capped oceans where the sky touches the waters, and where the Gods make their homes. The wind off these

waters whispers
secrets from far
off. Secrets just
barely audible, and
never quite understood.

Cove has ever stood
as a bulwark to the
more prosperous city
of Vesper. Trade
prospers there because
Cove stems the orcish
tide of aggression.

This is what I grew
up with. Living a
stones throw away
from the horrible place
where greenskin
savages make
unspeakable acts, and
endlessly strive for
war for war's sake.

My father fought
this fight his entire
life,

father, as I do now.

It is not so much a
burden as it is just
the way of things.

He was an educated
man, my father. Large
framed, fierce eyed,
and yet he always
seemed a child
himself. Rolling in
the grass with me, or
letting my sisters put
ribbons in his hair.

Above all a man
dedicated. Dedicated to
his three children.

Dedicated to his duty
to defend Cove, and
dedicated to a wife
who hurt him as
much as she loved
him. As I have said,
my mother, Aleta, was
a gypsy. She met my
father when her
family came to Cove
to peddle some silks.
A strange grey eyed
woman with unruly
red hair. I remember
little of her besides
her appearance to
me, and the way she
affected my father.

Aleta would spend weeks and months away from my father and her children, only to reappear as though she had never left bringing with her that primal magic which rejuvenated my father's spirit. His joy was boundless to see her and hold her again. Just as his melancholy to lose her to her vagabond calling sunk him into near depressions. He never accused her or spoke an unkind word to her. She never gave explanation for her coming or goings. But she loved him, and he loved her more than anything else. I hated her. I hated her for the darkness he would slip into because of her. I hated her, for her total lack of sense of duty. I hated her for her free life, which I was starting to believe I would never have. Fighting orcs had become my life, and I hated it.

I was a young man at this point, and I had an unspoken voice within me gnawing at me to go see the world. I grew weary of my family. I withdrew from my brothers in arms. So I told my father I was leaving and did not know where to. He smiled at me, as though he knew. He wished me well, and made me promise to